

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, October 31, 1801.

The Minstrel of the Forest.

(CONTINUED.)

GREVILLE covered his face with his handkerchief; and, fervently pressing the hand of Xavier, bowed his head, in token of assent. The noble German returned the pressure; and, drawing a sigh from the deepest centre of his heart, began:

"THIS castle which you see, and country for many miles around, have ever since the Crusades, been the dominions of my ancestors; a race of heroes, whose name must now end in the unhappy Xavier! When I look back on their virtue, on their fame, I blush at their weakness which has robbed me of the laurels of my youth, and buried my ardours, and their glories, within the walls of their own castle. I blush; but that weakness will not suffer me to burst the chains which fetter me; and here I must die, a victim to an ill-fated love, and the perfidy of a woman!—Look, Briton, on this picture," said he, drawing a miniature from his breast: "look on these features; and, as you are a man, and have a soul susceptible to excellence, you will not wonder at my love!"

He left it in the hand of Greville, and proceeded—"At an early age, my father and mother died, and left me lord of these domains. I immediately entered the army; but, as I am now dead to the world, as I have secluded myself from serving my country, it is just that the few laurels which I have won should wither on my grave, uncherished and unseen!"

"On my return from my first campaign, at the request of a brother-officer, I accompanied him to spend some time at Naumberg. I was introduced to many ladies, who were esteemed paragons of beauty and accomplishments; and who, from my rank in life, my character in the army, and my youth, I being then only nineteen, conceived it a glorious thing to take my young heart captive. All their natural charms, and artificial contrivances, had no other effect on me, than to raise my mirth at the continued trouble which they gave to themselves, without any annoyance to me. Alas! I did not long enjoy this security; for, in a short time after, a Prussian family came to reside at Naumberg. It consisted only of a lady and her daughter. Need I tell you, that daughter was the beautiful original of this picture? We met her in a public walk. My friend, who knew her mother slightly when at Berlin, walked up; and, renewing his acquaintance, introduced me. O my God! what an evening was that! when I walked by her side, gazing on her heaven of charms with an unsated eye; heard the softest sounds of music drop from her lips, while she turned her whole attention to me, as if our thoughts were mutual!—the recollection drives me to phrenzy!"

"But I will go on. I saw the bewitching Thusnelda every day. When I entered the room, the sweetest smiles played on her countenance. When I approached her chair, she would blush, and shew me the seat which was nearest to her. When I spoke, she would listen with the mute attention; only interrupted, now and then, by a soft sigh. When I rose to go, the cloud would obscure the bright heaven of her brow; and, in a lingering voice, she would breathe—"Xavier, farewell! Tomorrow—" And then, as if she had dis-

covered too much, turn hastily from me. How could I translate this? Alas! into a too tender language! Yet I had still stronger proofs of a love that would have been the treasure of my life.

"One day, I entered the room, to take my leave of her in whose presence I only lived; for in the morning I had received letters from my General, commanding me to join the army next day. When I approached Thusnelda, she was alone. The agony of my soul, at the idea of bidding adieu to her who had first taught my heart to feel, was so visible in my countenance, that she turned pale as I advanced; and, as I caught her hand, exclaimed—"Gracious heaven! What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"O Thusnelda!" returned I, flinging myself on a chair, "this is, perhaps, the last time that I shall behold thee! Tomorrow I go to the frontiers. If I fall, wilt you, dear girl, remember me with a sigh?"

"A sigh!" re-echoed she, and burst into tears; "O accursed war! from which I date my every pang! Wilt thou drag all from me? wilt thou not even spare the valiant Weimar?"

"Such exclamations from her mouth bereaved me of my prudence, and I clasped her in my arms. She struggled to extricate herself. Trembling at my temerity, I released her; and dropped on my knee, to beg her forgiveness, and to breathe a prayer for her happiness, in my last adieu. As I raised my eyes to intreat her pardon, she drew this portrait from its case; and, putting through it a green ribband, she hung it over my neck, and said—"Farewell, Xavier! As you love the original of this, may it prove a shield for your bosom in the hour of danger. O! I would to God, that its soft ivory was a cuirass of adamant, to turn the balls from the brave heart of its

wearer!—Adieu! adieu!" I kissed her hand with vehemence, as she tore herself from me, and rushed out of the apartment.

"I rejoined my regiment. I went to the frontiers; and I snatched every post of hazard, that I might return more worthy to offer my hand to Thusnelda. With all the ardour of the most enthusiastic passion, I flew to Naumberg. I entered the house of Thusnelda. She was in the drawing-room. I rushed in; but my impatience, my joy, overpowered my frame, and I fell at her feet. She rose—"Count Weimar here!"—"Yes," replied I, snatching her hand; "returned to thee, my lovely Thusnelda!" by the image of your sweet self, to claim the love you promised me!"—"I am married, Sir!" replied she, with the most freezing coldness.

"All hell rushed on my mind, and I fell senseless to the ground. When I recovered, I found myself on the sofa, with the mother of Thusnelda, herself, and a gentleman, leaning over me. In a heavy groan, I breathed out the name of—"Thusnelda! cruel, barbarous Thusnelda!" Her mother dropped my hand, which she had held—"What do you mean, Count Weimar, by these words? This is the husband of my daughter! How has she deserved such epithets from you?"

"I suddenly jumped from the sofa—"The husband of Thusnelda! Great God! the husband of Thusnelda!"—"Yes, Sir," replied he, colouring, "I am; and, if you have any thing to accuse her of, mention it to me. I am now her protector and defender!"

(To be concluded.)

A NORWEGIAN BALLAD, *Translated from La Nord Litteraire.*

BY A. S. COTTLE.

THE eve of Sunday at length arrives: the sun sets behind the distant hills: the heat of day abates, as the evening mist spreads over the surrounding rocks: the warbling of birds is no longer heard: This is the first moment of day, which gives being to the murmurings of the quiet stream. The sharded beetle, waked from his repose, is on the wing, and soothes the traveller with his joyous hum. Silence, and the dumb repose of evening steal on.

Alone and at night I returned from the city*; I hastened, yet expectation told me I lingered by the way. From Christiansa, ere I reached home, six times had the finger of time pointed out the hour: go more

* Copenhagen.

swiftly ye who are able! to me the way was long—my feet were way-worn, yet I felt no pain.

See me hang my hat by the wall, and close at its side my polished sabre. My good father sees me, shakes me by the hand, and in the fervour of his rude embraces almost throws me down. Choaked with tears of joy, he could scarcely at first utter a word; at last he exclaimed: "May you have arrived, dear Thor! at an happy moment! and since—have you already returned?" His questions followed each other fast.

"How is our common father the king? Does he appear sometimes on the parade? Is he pleased when the soldiers manœuvre well? Does he speak German, and understand us better than his grand-father did?" As soon as I had answered all these questions in the affirmative, taking off his bonnet, he exclaimed: "Thank heaven, it is all well; long live the king! May we not hope," continued he, "that the king will one day visit the vales of Norway?" I had almost said no, which would have vexed him—"Yes," said I, "he wishes it much; but his counsellors object." "Observe," replied he with some warmth, "observe well the Jutlander! It is he who has most the ear of the king."

In the mean time he pulled out an old polished key, opened our painted wardrobe, and took thence a silver cup, glittering like the new-laced brim of my hat; then descended into the cellar. On his return, he drank my health, and gave me the cup: "Take it," said he, "satisfy thy thirst, for thirst is a sociable appetite." He then embraced me.

"Although," said he, "I should have been the saviour of Norway, although I should have done things which no other could have done, I should have been amply recompensed by the pleasure I take in thus embracing thee." I beheld him a long time, unable to speak. There was an expression in his eye of tenderness, which caused my heart to palpitate more agreeably than it had ever done before. My blood was never in so sweet a ferment.

It was night; I felt myself weary. The good man advised me to go rest, telling me that Annette had made my bed: he retired himself to sleep, satisfied and happy. I climbed the staircase that I had often surmounted at two leaps; but was now happy to receive the assistance of a rope. I promised myself a pleasant night.

The clean blankets had been just placed on the bed by the maid. I had never seen her before; but what new sentiment then

seized me! "You came sooner than I expected," said she; "if I had known of it your bed should have been ready." It was soon finished; as for me, I remained like one stupified and insensible.

How shall I explain myself? I have travelled; seen many women; some spruce as butterflies, and others like the flowers of the field, wild and beautiful: I have been at the theatre; frolic'd with them; have done I know not what;—yet with none have I been contented; never did my heart surrender itself to any—but this maid.

See me, then, in an ecstasy—petrified at the sight of a little, naked-footed, country girl, in a simple dress, and loose flowing locks; but where could she be equalled? She was beautiful as the moon, that, on a fine evening in autumn, smiles on the valleys, and gilds the summit of the hills. She stood and surveyed me from head to foot; the flame of love consumed me.

Had it been bright as noon-day, or dark as midnight, it were all one to me: Annette was present. She absorbed all my thoughts. Every sentiment—every feeling of existence that I possessed, lived only in my eyes; she saw, without doubt, my soul all on fire. We beheld each other for some time. She had not the wish, I had not power to speak.

The crafty girl first broke silence. Our eyes met. "How are you? dear Thor! are you sick? Can a guard of the king be weary? Can a girl, in a loose dishabille make you afraid? My gown is clean—I would not boast; it is fine also, and without a flaw. Do you want any thing? Speak; in two steps I will fetch it: I am not sparing of trouble."

"Annette? my sweet Annette! thou knowest only but too well how to extend the dominion of beauty; what thou knowest not is, that thou hast inspired my soul with its first amorous flame. Remain here, and I shall want nothing, no, nothing; but if thou goest, my heart goes with thee. Could I but embrace thee in my arms, my joy would be full; I could then brave fears and dangers.

"But tell me, thou master-piece of creation! whence art thou? Hast thou been long here? Wert thou born free, or hast fortune condemned so transcendent a form as thine to perpetual servitude? But why all these questions? Tell me only this, art thou, like myself, at liberty to dispose of thy heart? Without ceremony, are you engaged? But I would not embarrass you."

Would you believe it, the crafty girl laughed in my face. I was no more than a mouse in the talons of a cat—"Thor, I believe you have lost your wits. You question me worse than even my grand-mother

or confessor ever did. But I see you are drowsy. Go to bed, my good friend, it is getting late."

Pshaw! she is gone.—Have you never observed the effect of alternate changes, from darkness to light, when the moon, in a gloomy night, peeps out for an instant, and then retreats behind a cloud? I was more wretched than a traveller, in such a night, on a brink of a precipice, suddenly deprived of this friendly, fleeting luminary. I blushed, and endeavoured to bury my torments in sleep.

But sleep and weariness had flown with my charmer. Nothing but disquietude remained. She had gained the empire of my heart, and chased repose far away. If I closed my eye-lids, her image soon opened them again; her ingenuous modest air, the roses and lilies of her cheeks, were always before me; I considered every word she had said, I weighed all her answers, and endeavoured to dive into her very soul.

Alas! how long the night appeared! How tardy the morning came! I felt my stomach oppressed, and took my nightgown. I listened for the hours—they had forgotten to strike. Impatient, I arose several times; I will go, I said, and find Annette; but a certain something whispered me in the ear: will it be prudent? Will not thy temerity offend?

The morning came, acceptable to me above all other things. I had long listened for the lark, and at last heard him with irregular notes beginning his morning chant. The bed of my father cracked; he bade, with a gay tone, Annette and the servants get up, and dress themselves in their best: "This day," says he, "we will go to church."

When he saw me in the morning with my laced coat, and shining boots, he thanked Heaven. "You call to my mind, Thor," said he, "the time when I used to jaunt you on my knees. I predicted at that time you would become guard to the king, and would delight in serving him. 'Tis well! it has happened as I said. Ah! with a son like thee, one cannot complain of fortune. Happy is he who has a son worthy to guard the king."—"More happy yet," cried I, "the son to whom God has given a father like thee! Many families could furnish a guard for the king; but who is there that can pride himself in so good a father, or find a heart equal to thine?"

"Could I some day," resumed my father, "but see the king! see him in his hours of retirement! or see him there, in the presence of all his subjects! what a joy would it be! And if ever, from the lofty throne of *Haljden the Black*, he should cry out, like *Frederic the Fifth* 'God bless my country of

the North!' Ah! I am sure, the joy of that word would turn me distracted."

Annette appeared, blooming as a bride; but how she differed from those painted lasses who, with their hair pinned up close, their smart caps, and short petticoats, imagine themselves better than all the Annettes in the world! How far she excelled the ladies of our Norwegian theatres! among whom I have seen many, in shape, like drums. If these had beheld Annette, they would have cursed themselves, and not without reason.

The hue of health was on her cheeks, attended with gaiety, frankness and innocence. At the first sight of me, she reddened, and sunk her eyes, as if afraid to meet mine. I was tempted to throw myself on my knees; but I had neither ability, nor courage: I could not even speak. Her smile was that of a queen. Ah! how my heart was agitated!

The good man observed that she was dressed better than ordinary, and that her bosom swelled with a conscious sense of it, as her silver studded buckles and pendent ornaments glittered around. He examined this circumstance on all sides, and said to me smiling: "'Tis certainly for love of thee, that my Annette is so fine. But that word *my*, destroyed my hopes, and cut me to the very heart.

The arrow flies not to its aim with more speed, than chagrin, or rather jealousy, did to my heart at the mention of that word. "If she is thine," said I, "for ever, for ever must I be deprived of my Annette. Ah! rather would I be in my grave, than see her my mother-in-law!"

[To be concluded next week.]

The Commentator, No. 22.

—*Sapias; vina liques; et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur fugerit
invida
Ætas; Carpe diem, quam minimum credula
postero.* HORACE, ODE XI.

"BE wise," says Horace, "indulge not yourself in extensive and boundless prospects of the future, but proportion your expectations to the contracted span of your life. While yet we speak, envious time passes on;—seize then the present moment, nor leave the performance of the most trifling duty to the next."—Very good advice this, and a very wholesome truth, with which all mankind are or ought to be acquainted,—that time is ever on the wing, and stays for no man. It is a very natural propensity, to put off the execution of disagreeable duties to a distant moment, while

at the same time it is an inclination that ought not to be indulged. This moment is our own, the next is hid beneath the impenetrable veil of fatuity. Why then do not mankind become sensible of the truth of this observation, and instead of employing themselves in frivolous undertakings, aim at the execution of something that will in reality benefit mankind or themselves. Such were my thoughts as I laid down Horace, and took up the Guardian to divert my ideas from their present train; as I was sensible they were rapidly progressing towards the consideration of the prevalence of vice in the world, and the abuse of time. As I did not wish them to be tinged with the morbid hue of misanthropy, I took up, as I said before, the Guardian. I opened the volume at the paper where the author relates his dream of the tribunal in the other world, where Rhadamanthus was adjudging rewards or punishments agreeable to the employment of time. This paper was by no means possessed of a tendency to divert my thoughts from the subject which had before engrossed them. I finished the paper, and laid down the volume. My thoughts, in despite of all my efforts, recurred still to the misemployment of time, and I sunk into a profound reverie. I could not help asking myself the question of, What have I been doing?—An answer presented itself, similar to that returned by the Guardian to the same question—Writing Commentators. Still I was not satisfied, but involuntarily enquired, if that had been productive of benefit either to mankind or myself—Self-love prompted the reply in the affirmative, but candour suppressed it.—Are those speculations injurious then? said mortified vanity, somewhat resentfully. The question was the spontaneous offspring of transient anger, but it became the subject of calm reflection. The causes, whence the prosecution of the work originated, I knew were not censurable, but if while seeking my own gratification, I had added nothing to the information or the amusement of society, my time was certainly misemployed. One or the other is the object of every writer's ambition. Both I had not an idea of attaining. Almost innumerable have been the attempts to succeed in both, but where or when have they succeeded? Scarcely an instance can be produced, with the exception of Addison and Hawkesworth, "harmony's distinguish'd sons," who perfectly understood the *utile dulci*. The author of the *Looker-on*, of a late date, and of the *Mirror and Lounger*, may be also included in the exception. Man in the different stages of his life, entertains vastly different ideas of the same

thing, and his taste varies with years and circumstances:—the young love animation and vivacity, the old gravity and morality. Men prefer bold reasoning, and depth of argument; women, lively sallies of wit, pathetic descriptions, and exertions of the imagination. To please all, therefore, requires a happy commixture of ease and sobriety, sprightliness with serious moralizing. Too much of gaiety will call from the old the frown of disapprobation; and the appellation of frivolous writer, while running into the other extreme, would be to make myself the object of contempt from the young, and to acquire the title of rusty essayist. Some few having possessed such a happy talent as to win from the old the approving smile, while they commanded the admiration of the young, I resolved, desperate as I considered the chance, to act with the temerity of a gamester, who risks his gold on the evolutions of the dice.

There was nothing to lose, and a portion of fame was the prize if successful. Nobody has accused me of having misemployed my time, but *there is that within* which insinuates in my heart a suspicion that it has not been employed to the best advantage. My old acquaintance *Tom Dashateny*, was a complete *Bon Vivant*, and remained perfectly unconscious of his fatal error in wasting time, till he has found himself in a jail, where he has awakened to reflection, and now insists on writing a Commentator. This favour, he says, shall be the last he will ever ask; and as the poor fellow so strenuously pleads for it, together with a hope I entertain that his letter may not be unproductive of moral instruction, I will speedily forward it for publication.

N. B. The letter from Misan Riden, published in my last number, has claims to some observations, which shall be made ere long. J.

P. S. The winter of old age has not so far advanced upon me, as to chill and extinguish the sparks of vanity and emulation latent in every breast;—consequently, the lines address to me by Amyntor, have not failed to communicate a pleasing sensation. The approbation of the wise and good I have ever been, and I hope shall ever continue to be emulous of obtaining; and the sentiments expressed by Amyntor could not fail to flatter my vanity. My breast has not yet, however, experienced so much of self-importance, as to suppose that I was really deserving of those encomiums so lavishly bestowed, and the spark of vanity, which his address fanned into a flame, was at the same moment extinguished by the cumbrous weight of the many compliments

he was pleased to make, which by their number wore rather the appearance of burlesque than serious meaning. Let this be as it will, to deserve the approbation of such persons as Amyntor, shall ever be the primary object of my attention, and his correspondence would be esteemed an honour. If I fail in obtaining the approbation of the virtuous, I shall at least enjoy the reflection that the attempt was meritorious. J.

ON THE USE OF SPIDERS

AS PROGNOSTICATORS OF WEATHER.

IT is generally known, that the state of the atmosphere has a visible effect upon certain animals, and that, for instance, cats, dogs, frogs, hogs, &c. have a very strong presentiment of every change which is preparing in it.

Mr. Q. D'Isjonval who was adjutant-general to the famous General Pichegru, has made a discovery that the spider possesses this quality in a more eminent degree than all other animals, and is peculiarly fit to serve as an unerring barometer.

The spider, says Mr. Q. D'Isjonval, is a more unerring indicator of impending changes in the atmosphere than the best barometer. These insects have two different ways of weaving their webs, by which we can know what weather we are to have. When the weather inclines to turn rainy or windy, they make the principal threads, which are the foundation, as it were, of their whole web, very short, and rather thick; whereas they spin them much longer, when fine and warm weather is to be expected. Thence it appears clearly, that the spiders have not only a near, but also a distant presentiment of the changes which are preparing in the air. The barometer foretells the state of the weather with certainty only for about twenty-four hours, whereas we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fourteen days, when the spider makes the principal threads of its web long. It is obvious how important the consequences of this infallible indication of the state of the weather must be in many instances, particularly with regard to the operations of agriculture, for which reason it has been frequently lamented, that the best barometers, hydrometers, thermometers and eudiometers are principally in the hands of the consumers, and very rarely in those of the planters of the harvest. How fortunate is it therefore, that provident nature, amongst other gifts, also has bestowed upon the cultivator of the country such a cheap instrument, upon the sensibility and infallibility of which, with regard to the impending changes in

the atmosphere, he can rely! The barometers are frequently very fallible guides, particularly when they point to *settled fair*; whereas the work of the spider never fails to give certain information. This insect, which is one of the most economical animals, does not go to work, nor expend such a great length of threads, which it draws out of its body, before the most perfect equilibrium of all the constituent parts of the air indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be made in vain. Let the weather be ever so bad, we may conclude with certainty that it will not last long, and soon change for settled fair, when we see the spider repair the damages which his web has received. Those who will take the trouble to watch the operations of this useful insect, will be convinced by experience, that Mr. Q. D'Isjonval deserves the thanks of his contemporaries for the communication of his important discovery, and in future show more indulgence to this object of almost general abhorrence, than they have done hitherto. [Lond. Mag.]

[From a late Publication.]

TO THE RISING GENERATION OF BOTH SEXES.

THE PETITION OF A MUCH-ABUSED BUT VERY INNOCENT PERSON,

Humbly sheweth,

THAT your unhappy petitioner, tho' much caressed, and generally acknowledged the most useful and valuable servant of mankind, is, particularly by you, from giddiness, want of attention, or improper direction, either shamefully neglected, or notoriously ill-used. And tho' his competence to cultivate and improve your best faculties, in the best manner, and for the best ends, be universally allowed and experienced, it is nevertheless astonishing to what pursuits of extreme insignificance his indulgence is but too often misapplied.

Many engage him for years together in rendering themselves perfectly useless to every purpose of life, in deranging their heads and inflating their hearts, corrupting their minds and distorting their bodies, reducing themselves from the scale of rational creatures to mere apes in a farce, or puppets on a wire.

Some make no other use of him than to get by rote a few articulate sounds, to mouthe hard words, to gabble the jargon of of fashion, to mimic the complaisance of etiquette, to imbibe the loose maxims of the world, speak what they do not think, promise what they never mean so perform, and look one way while they row another.

Your petitioner has to state with regret, that he is often used as a talisman, to make black white, night day, and good evil, the law a noose, politics a trick, religion a jest, trade a plot, and life a tragedy.

He complains, that by his means the art is acquired of turning justice into ridicule, by the sophistry and versatility of pettifoggers; of making real piety obsolete and unacceptable, by the affected grimaces of hypocritical pretenders, of weak enthusiasts; and every physical pretension equivocal and suspicious, by the broad unqualified effrontery of quacks and mountebanks.

How often is he unable to do more for multitudes in the gayest circles, than aid them to shuffle and manage a pack of cards, to whisper away the characters of the innocent and unsuspecting, to sit mum, and stare at each other in dumb-show like pictures in a gallery, or gossip nonsense by the hour, and call it polite conversation!

It grieves your petitioner, that he should, on so many occasions, be made accessory to the seduction of innocence, to public delinquency, professional neglect, prostituted genius, property dissipated, talents unimproved, and opportunity lost.

He knows of what importance he might be rendered in accomplishing youth, and endowing them with all proper qualifications, to benefit others and better themselves, to do their duty to their country and society, raise their own fortunes, augment the funds of human comfort, and extend their personal reputation.

And he would earnestly impress you with the absolute necessity of acting very differently towards him from numbers who have gone before you, who, taking advantage of his good-nature, have made themselves a nuisance rather than a blessing to society, and who, therefore, are incapable of giving you advice except by contrast.

You may not be aware, but it becomes him to intimate, that he is not unfrequently made the tool of his own destruction, and that in his very bosom are cherished the artifices calculated to kill him; that those who have most use for him, use him worst; and that he is never treated so ill as by such as have the greatest interest in treating him well.

He assures you no one can prepare you better for acting your respective parts honourably on the stage of life; that you never blunder but in consequence of rejecting his counsel; and never succeed, either to your own satisfaction or that of others, but in a conformity to his dictates, and the practice of his sage precepts.

He is sorry it is not more perfectly un-

derstood, how inseparable your interest is from his, how much more precious he now is than ever he will be again, how eagerly you are instigated by every thing around you, the past, the present, and the future, to husband assiduously his kind indulgence, and on no account to trifle with him, while so much in the humour of blessing you, and rendering you blessed; and how very happy they are who continue on friendly terms with him from the beginning to the end of their days, and can in every stage take a retrospect of their intercourse without a blush.

He will only further add, that these overtures cannot last for ever; that his patience, like the faculties of every mortal creature, has its limits; that once gone, he cannot be recalled; and that slighted, perverted, or flung away, he will only furnish you with a source of endless and unavailing repentance.

Your petitioner, therefore, most earnestly prays, that for your own comfort, and the prosperity of succeeding generations, you would maturely weigh these considerations, and devise some means of providing for the safety, honour, repose of a old well-meaning individual, nearly worn out in the service of mankind, verging on his dissolution, and uncertain how soon he may be superseded by one, who will never forget the injuries done his predecessor.

And your petitioner, as in duty bound, shall pray for the increase of your happiness, and rejoice in whatever promotes and confirms it to the end of TIME.

The following Extract from Mr. Howard's Works, affords a striking view of the benefits of moral and religious Education equally diffused through a country, contrasted with the evil effects of the neglect of it; and particularly claims the attention of PARENTS and those who have youth committed to their care.

Fifty eight persons have suffered death for capital crimes in Scotland, in 20 years. the population of that country amounts to 1,600,000 souls. During the same period 434 persons suffered death, in Norfolk, in England, the population of which amounts to but 800,000 souls. In Scotland every person is taught to read and write, and the BIBLE there, is the universal school book. In the six counties of Norfolk, there are splendid churches, and high salaries given to the Clergy, but the moral and religious education of the poor is neglected, and hence the number of their crimes and public executions.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MRS. WHITLOCK.

THE lovers of the drama, have reason to congratulate themselves upon the re-appearance of Mrs. Whitlock, after so long, and so regretted an absence. This justly celebrated actress, is indeed an acquisition to our boards. Her exertions will no doubt contribute much to the success of the present theatrical campaign. In the tragic walk, Mrs. Whitlock stands unrivalled, at least, in this country. She possesses uncommon energy, and vivacity, tempered with the nicest discrimination. For with all the advantages of a clear articulation, a graceful deportment, and accurate conceptions, most performers, particularly females, want that impassioned energy, which only can give full force and interest to prominent characters. Some there are, who with animation and a sufficient compass of voice, yet are so deficient in judgment, that they degenerate into boisterous declamation, and disgusting rant, and thus "strut and bellow as tho' nature's journeymen had made them."

Mrs. Whitlock, will unquestionably gain the attention and applause so justly due to her superior merit. Formerly the idol of the public, she now breaks upon our senses like a gem long lost and deplored. Talents so conspicuous, certainly receive an additional lustre when accompanied with an unsullied reputation, a demeanor amiable, virtuous and polite. In this respect Mrs. Whitlock, is entitled to "more than common praise," esteem and respect.

As an individual, I cheerfully pay this imperfect but merited tribute, to eloquence, virtue and intelligence. It is unhappily the case, that we seldom meet with performers who deserve such unmingled commendation as the subject of this article.

MERCUTIO.

BEAUTY.

SOCRATES called it, a short-lived tyranny; Aristotle one of the most precious gifts of nature; Plato, the privilege of nature; Thiofrastus a mute eloquence; Diogenes, the most forcible letter of recommendation; Carneades, a queen without soldiers; Theocritus, a serpent covered with flowers; Bion, a good that does not belong to the possessor, because it is impossible to give one's-self beauty, or to preserve it.

MR. HOGAN,

The above extract is submitted for publication, by one violently smitten with the beauty of—a woman to be sure.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AN ELEGY ON AFRICAN SLAVERY.

HARK! 'tis a groan from Afric's ravag'd shores,
Borne o'er th' Atlantic wave on Fancy's wings;
Its sound a tear of sympathy implores,
And on the gale its sullen accent flings.

Yes, 'tis the cry of innocence oppress'd,
Beneath vile avarice' inhuman sway;
'Tis Nature groaning from her inmost breast
With eyes uplifted to the god of day.

O! ye whose gen'rous breasts can weeping bend
O'er the pale victim of despair and pain,
Your tears with mine in feeling concert blend,
And mourn with me man's cruelty to man.

With me to Afric's desolated coasts,
To the sad shores of Gambia repair;
There see the lives of inoffensive hosts,
Crush'd in the jaws of av'rice-prompted war.

See death and ruin shroud the blood-stain'd plains,
Subjecting all to their malignant sway;
While, uncontroll'd, fell desolation reigns,
And blood and rapine mark the gloomy way.

O! heav'n! can mankind so resign their hearts,
To the vile clinch of lucrative desire,
As thus, for gold, to use the vilest arts,
And feed with human blood the insatiate fire?

While thus with gore sad Afric's shores they lave,
Involving all in one ensanguin'd gloom,
Virtue sheds tears on martyr'd mercy's grave,
And weeping angels hover round her tomb.

Burlington, October 20th, 1801.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

LINE S,

Occasioned by the death of LYDIA WHITALL,
who departed this life on the 19th inst.

"How from the summit of the grove she fell,
"And left it unharmonious."

CATERER of the grave, relentless Death!
Assail'd by thee, how many lose their breath!
None can, alas! thy dreaded power defy;
Age is not spar'd—and youth, how oft they die!

By thee are dearest friends asunder torn,
And weeping lovers left their loss to mourn;
By thee are p-rents of their children 'reft,
And children destitute of parents left:

But here, alas! thou'st gain'd a victory,
Worthy the prowess of thine arm, and thee.
Thou lov'st a lofty mark, & here thy blow,
Exalted worth and virtue has laid low:
A husband's fondest hopes thou hast despoil'd,
And robb'd a parent of her much-lov'd child.

As a fair flow'r cropt in its native bloom,
By some despoiler, meets an early doom;
Just so grim Death caus'd her to bid adieu,
And cropt her virtues rising into view.
Not all the powers of art combin'd could save,
This lovely victim from an early grave;
Not all the ties, nor all the force of love,
Could stay her flight to regions blest above:
Yes, Lydia's soul to endless bliss has fled,
And she is number'd with the silent dead.
Friendship demand'd the lay—my muse is fir'd,
For long I knew her, and as long admir'd:
In her was every quality combin'd,
Which could adorn or beautify the mind.
Yes, much esteem'd & dear departed shade,
Death has in thee a noble conquest made:
Long will thy friends in grief their loss deplore;

Long will they wail their Lydia, now no more.

H. S. R. I.

Philadelphia, October 23d, 1801.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

O THOU, whose throne is in the realms on high,
Beneath whose feet yon splendid planets roll,
At thy command the flame-wing'd lightnings
And the loud thunder rolls from pole to pole.

At thy all-pow'rful word from chaos rose
This vast creation, heav'n, earth, air and sea;
Ordain'd by Thee, the sun his light bestows,
This mighty universe was made by Thee.

The moon whose lustre cheers the gloom of night,
The splendid host that gild the vaulted
The morning glories op'ning to our sight,
Proclaim our great Creator dwells on high.

The lofty mountains tow'ring to the skies,
The foaming cat'racts tumbling down their sides,
From whence the flowing rivers take their
And fertilize the countries they divide.

The boisterous deep, whose waves impetuous roll,
Around the world, at thy supreme command;
And the fierce winds, which rush from pole
Proclaim their Maker's praise in ev'ry land.

To Thee, to whom all pow'r & praise belong;
To Thee, whose mighty presence fills all space,
To Thee, Oh, KING of kings! I raise my
And beg of Thee a portion of thy grace—

That I, Oh God! may praise Thee as I ought,
For all the favours I receive from Thee;

Thro' all the dangers of my youth thou'st brought,
And in each peril hast preserved me.

When thro' the east the light of morning breaks,
And tuneful songsters warble forth their
And when the sun again the world forsakes,
O! may I join the animating lays.

Oh may my thoughts to Thee, oh God! aspire;

Thy wisdom governs this vast universe;
Oh fill my soul with virtuous, pure desire,
To learn of Thee, thy counsel never err.

In all the dangers which attend me here,
While toss'd upon the stormy sea of life,
Oh guard me till the solemn sound I hear,
Which calls me hence—from scenes of woe and strife.

Teach me with Christian fortitude to bear,
Whatever adverse turns of fate I meet;
When woes call from mine eyes the falling tear,

Or anguish quicker cause my heart to beat.

If plenty spreads to me her ample store,
Oh, may I thank thee with a heart sincere;
And let me not forget the suffering poor,
Nor mis'ry's voice with inattention hear.

Bid war to cease, no more his trump to sound,

Nor dye the fertile ground with human gore;

No more let discord in the world be found—
Let peace for ever reign on ev'ry shore.

CARLOS.

Philadelphia, October 24th, 1801.

LINE S,

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY AN IDIOT.
COULD we with ink the ocean fill,
Was the whole earth of parchment made,
Was every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the LOVE of GOD above,
Would drain the ocean dry,
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretch'd from sky to sky.

EPIGRAM.

MONEY and man a mutual friendship show;
Man makes false money, money makes man so.

EPITAPH.

Written by a Person who had buried two Wives.

HERE lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who was a good wife, and never vex'd
one,
I can't say that for her at the next stone.

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